

I've always hated shoes. They cage my sole:
No footy felony necessitates
A consequence so cruel. They take their toll
Whatever form they take: from roller skates
To wellie boots, they are no friend of mine.
I challenge you to name me any shoe
The taking off of which is not divine.
So take them off. Go barefoot, me and you.
And, barefoot, there is no more perfect ground
Than silken, sinking sand, no surface more
Delicious to the sole. I have not found
A sandy beach my feet did not adore.
So please forgive my short, shoeophobic speech.
I'll meet you shoeless, barefoot on the beach.

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